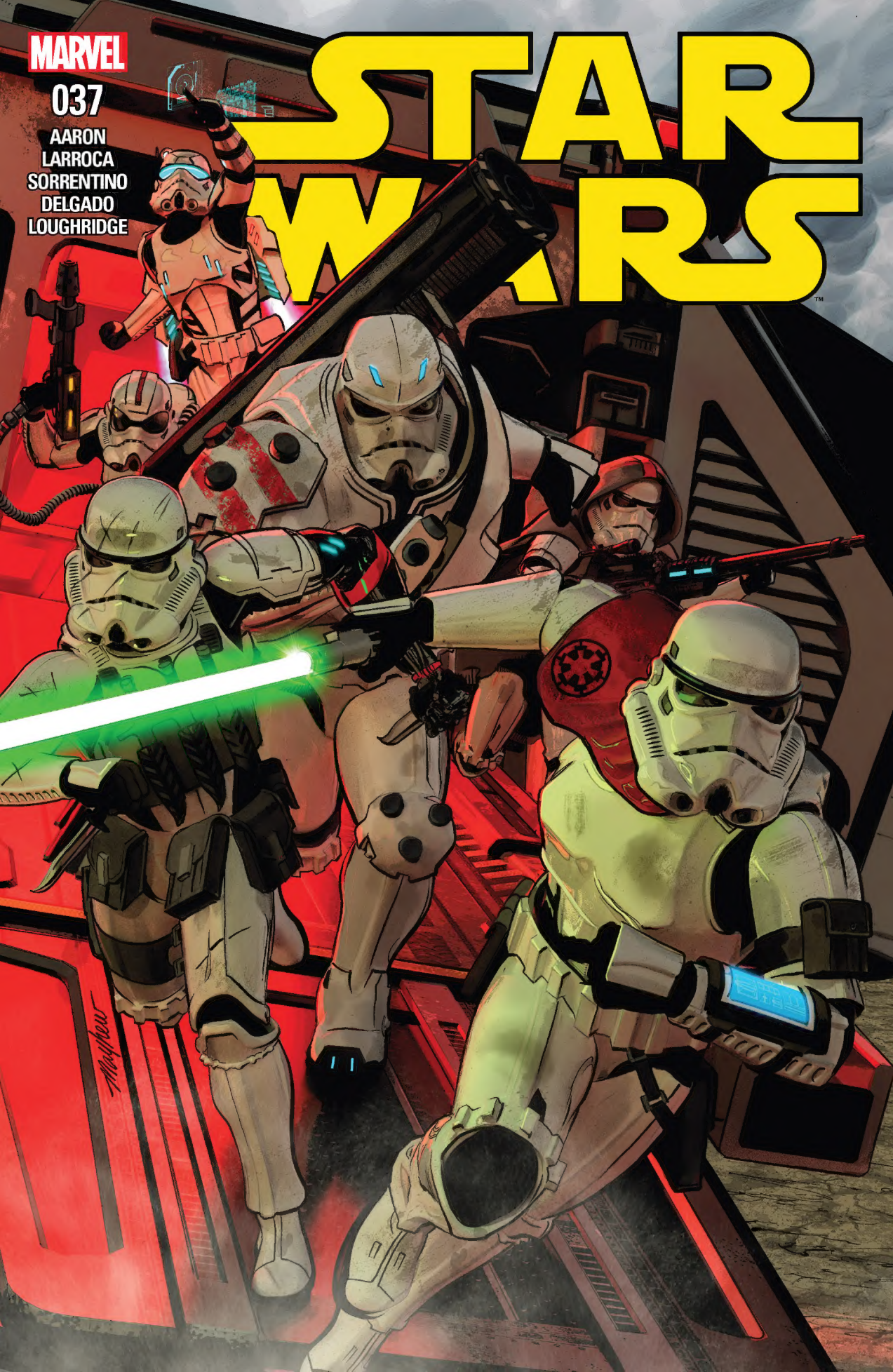
MARVEL
037
AARON
LARROCA
SORRENTINO
DELGADO
LOUGHRIDGE
STAR WARS

# IMPERIAL PRIDE

*It is a crucial time for the Empire. Rebel forces are proliferating across the galaxy, and their elimination is imperative for Imperial reign.*

*For a mission this vital, the right team is essential – an elite group of stormtroopers, handpicked for their skills, loyalty to the Empire, and complete dedication to destroying the Rebellion.*

*Leading this team is the ruthless Sergeant Kreel – a man who answers directly to Darth Vader. Rebel heroes Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia, and Han Solo have evaded SCAR Squadron before, but they have not seen the last of the Empire's wrath....*


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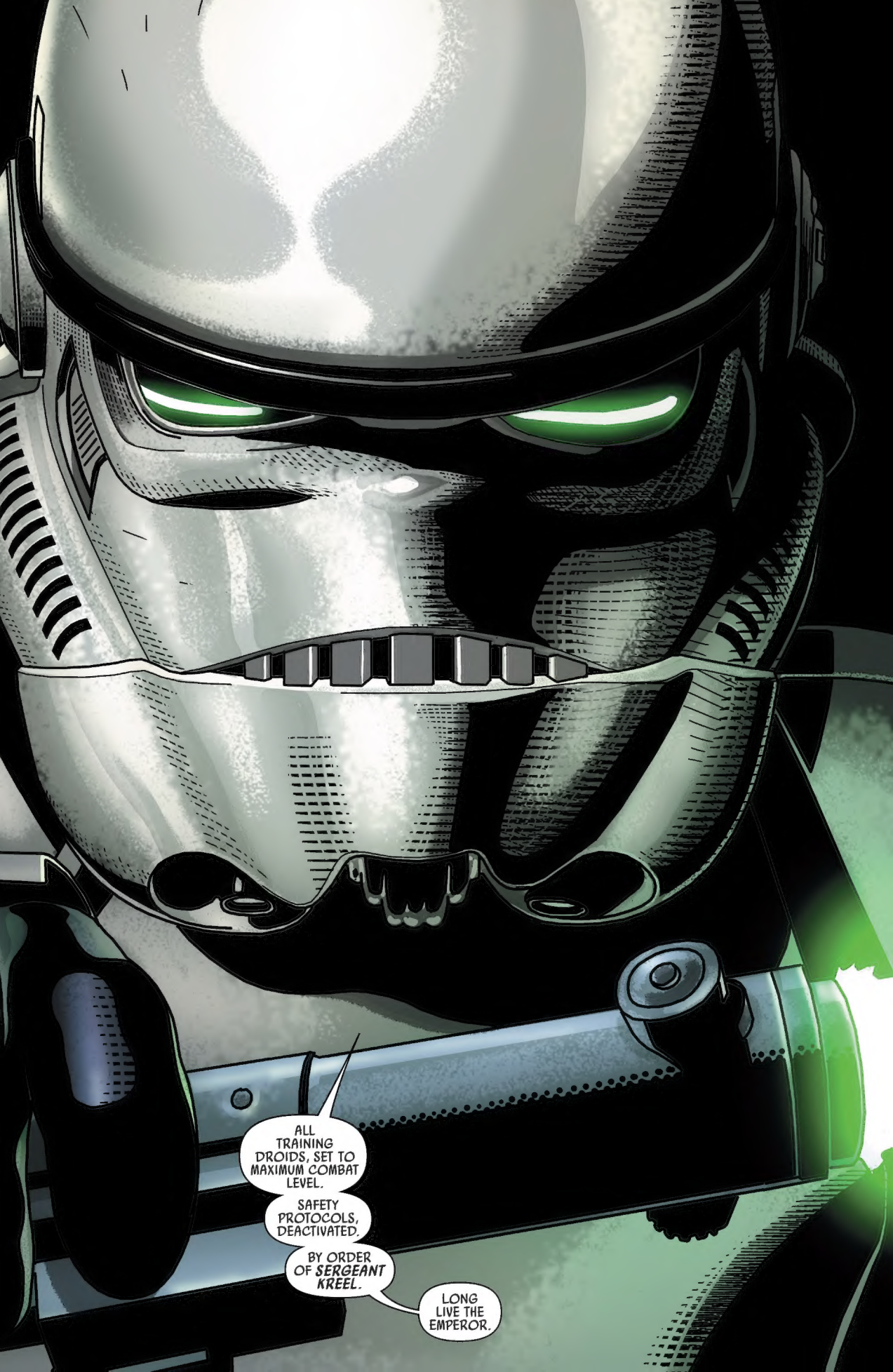
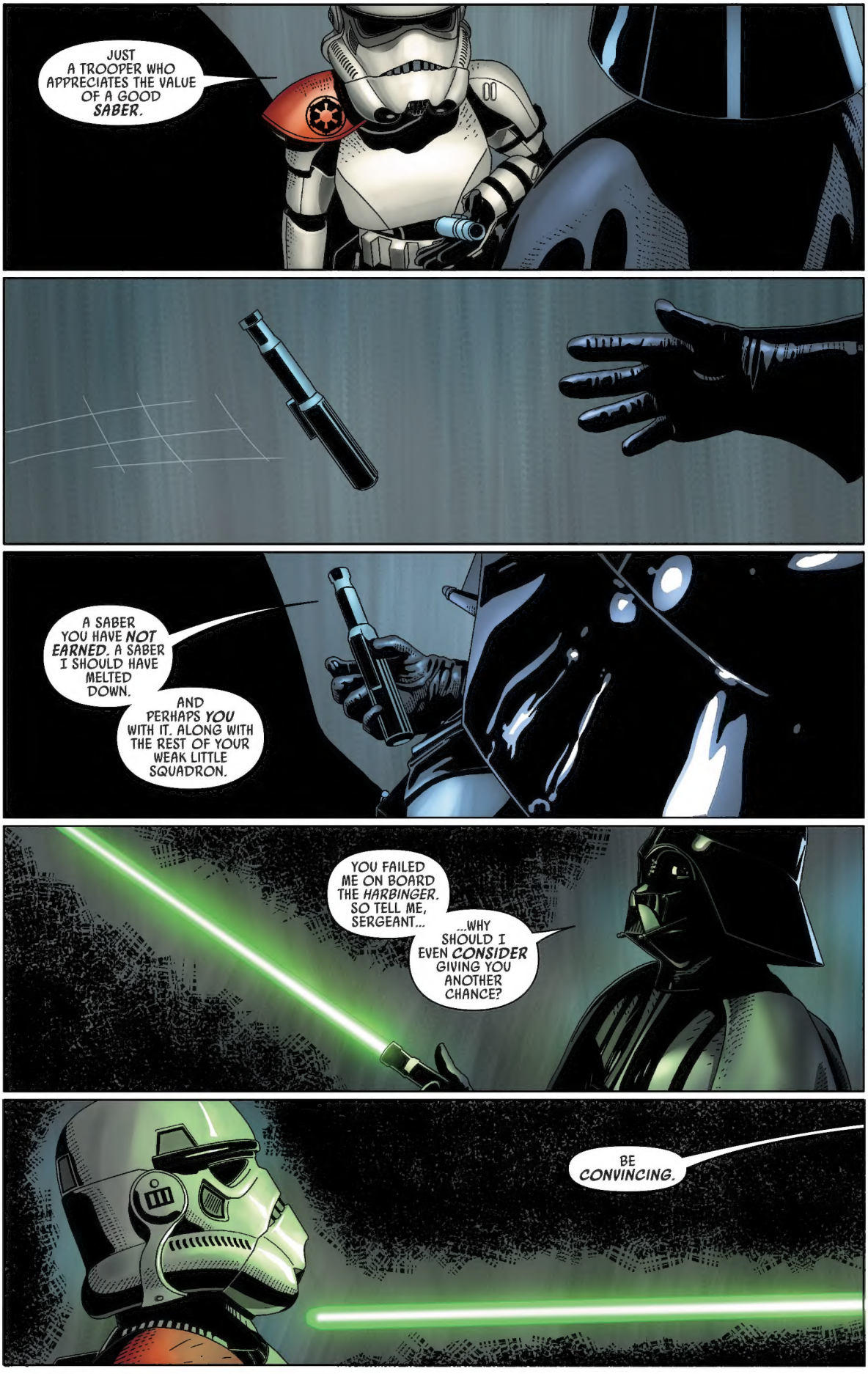

ALL TRAINING DROIDS, SET TO MAXIMUM COMBAT LEVEL.
SAFETY PROTOCOLS, DEACTIVATED.
BY ORDER OF SERGEANT KREEL.
LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR.

HAA!
UUGH.
YOU ARE TOO SLOW. TOO CUMBERSOME.

TOO MUCH A STORMTROOPER.
TRY ALL YOU MIGHT, SERGEANT KREEL, YOU WILL NEVER BE SITH.
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, LORD VADER...I'M NOT ASKING TO BE.
IT WASN'T THE SITH WHO SAVED ME FROM DYING IN THE FIGHTING PITS OF CHAGAR IX.
IT WAS THE 501st.
I'M A TROOPER TO THE CORE.
SIR.


JUST A TROOPER WHO APPRECIATES THE VALUE OF A GOOD SABER.
A SABER YOU HAVE NOT EARNED. A SABER I SHOULD HAVE MELTED DOWN.
AND PERHAPS YOU WITH IT. ALONG WITH THE REST OF YOUR WEAK LITTLE SQUADRON.
YOU FAILED ME ON BOARD THE HARBINGER. SO TELL ME, SERGEANT...
...WHY SHOULD I EVEN CONSIDER GIVING YOU ANOTHER CHANCE?
BE CONVINCING.

BECAUSE WE WON'T FAIL YOU AGAIN, LORD VADER.
AND IF WE DO, I WILL KNEEL AT YOUR FEET...AND BURY THAT SABER IN MY CHEST.
AFTER I'VE KILLED EVERY ONE OF MY MEN WITH IT. I PROMISE YOU THAT.
IMPERIAL INTELLIGENCE BELIEVES THE REBELS HAVE ESTABLISHED AN OUTPOST SOMEWHERE IN THE HOROX SYSTEM.
FIND IT. DESTROY IT. IF *SKYWALKER* IS THERE, BRING HIM DIRECTLY TO ME.
THIS LIGHTSABER--THIS WAS THE WEAPON OF A JEDI.
WHOEVER ITS OWNER MIGHT HAVE BEEN, THEY DIED WITH IT IN THEIR HAND.
IT HAS SEEN MANY BATTLES, TAKEN MANY LIVES.
BE *WORTHY* OF IT, SERGEANT.
AH, *THERE* YOU ARE, MY FRIEND.

COME, VADER, WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS.
THIS EMPIRE WILL NOT RULE ITSELF.
YES, MASTER.
EMPEROR... THE...I...
IT IS AN HONOR TO KNEEL IN YOUR PRESENCE, SIR.
YES, I'M SURE IT IS. CARRY ON, TROOPER. THE EMPIRE NEEDS MORE MEN LIKE YOU.
WHOEVER YOU ARE.
HURRY ALONG, VADER.
YES, MASTER.
"LISTEN TO ME NOW AND KNOW THAT I SPEAK THE TRUTH. I GUARANTEE YOU ALL THAT THIS DAY, TODAY...
"...THIS IS A DAY YOU WILL NOT SOON FORGET.

The Horox System.
"BECAUSE THIS IS THE DAY THAT YOUR OVERLORD TEACHES YOU THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON OF ALL."
I WILL TEACH YOU WHY I AM OVERLORD. YOU ARE NOT.
NOW...WHO WOULD LIKE TO BE THE FIRST TO BEGIN THE LEARNING?
HMM? NO ONE? NO ONE IN THE VILLAGE NEEDS TO LEARN THIS VITAL LESSON?
THEN WHY HAVE YOU FAILED YOUR OVERLORD? I TOLD YOU I WAS HUNGRY. AND STILL NO ONE HAS FED ME. WHY HAS THIS INSULT OCCURRED?
BECAUSE... THERE IS NO MORE FOOD. YOU HAVE EATEN IT ALL. NOW WE ALL WILL STARVE.
NO, I PROMISE YOU, LITTLE ONE, IT IS NOT STARVATION THAT WILL KILL YOU.
YOU MENTIONED LEARNING.

MY FRIENDS AND I...WE'VE COME HERE TO LEARN.
IMPERIALS?! YOU DON'T BELONG HERE! THIS IS MY VILLAGE! GO BACK TO CORUSCANT!
WE BELONG EVERYWHERE, PAL. MAYBE IT'S YOUR VILLAGE, BUT IT'S OUR GALAXY.
NOW ABOUT THAT LEARNING...
ZUKE HERE, WHY, HE'S A GOOD LEARNER. AREN'T YOU, ZUKE?
YES, SIR, SARGE.
MAYBE YOU CAN HELP OUR FRIEND HERE TO ALSO LEARN A FEW THINGS.
GLADLY.

Moments Later...
PLEASE... NO MORE.
HE SEEMS TO THINK HE'S LEARNED HIS FILL, SARGE.
YEAH, ALMOST.
MY NAME IS SERGEANT KREEL, AND WE ARE SPECIAL COMMANDO ADVANCED RECON TROOPERS, SCAR TROOPERS, FOR SHORT.
AND WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE NEED YOUR HELP. BUT FIRST, WE'D LIKE TO HELP YOU.

YAAAAAAY!
REJOICE!
HA HA HAAA!
NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT TYRANTS LIKE THAT. YOUR VILLAGE IS UNDER *OUR* PROTECTION NOW.
BUT TO ENSURE THAT PROTECTION, WE REQUIRE YOUR ASSISTANCE.
THERE ARE THOSE IN THIS GALAXY WHO WANT TO DESTROY OUR WAY OF LIFE, WHO WANT TO TAKE AWAY THE PROTECTION WE PROVIDE.
THEY CALL THEMSELVES *REBELS*. WE CALL THEM INTERPLANETARY *TERRORISTS*.
WE BELIEVE THIS GROUP OF RADICALS CURRENTLY HAS A BASE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE WITHIN THIS STAR SYSTEM.
NOW PLEASE, MY DEAR NEW FRIENDS...

"...DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND THESE PEOPLE?"
Rebel Outpost.
Horox III.
GAAGH!
"I SAW HIM. AND HE SAW ME."

AT LEAST SEVEN HOSTILES INSIDE, SARGE. MAYBE MORE.
SORRY, WHAT'D YOU SAY AGAIN? WHO SAW YOU?
THE EMPEROR. HE LOOKED RIGHT AT ME. AND MY KNEES TURNED TO JELLY.
MY TEETH THROBBED. LIKE I WAS IN THE ROOM WITH...WITH A BOLT OF LIVING LIGHTNING.
HE'S WHY WE FIGHT. AND I CAN TELL YOU, HE'S EVERYTHING YOU'D IMAGINE HIM TO BE. AND MORE.
SOUNDS GREAT, SARGE, BUT I FIGHT TO NOT GET SHOT. I SAY WE BLOW THE WHOLE BUILDING.
NO.
MOVE ON TO THE NEXT. THESE REBELS ARE MINE.

"THEY WILL LOSE, THESE REBELS. AND HERE IS WHY.
"THEY FIGHT FOR THEMSELVES. FOR THEIR OWN PETTY DESIRES.
BUCKETHEAD! KILL HIM!
GAAAGH!
"THEY FIGHT TO OVERTURN THE RIGHTFUL ORDER OF THINGS.
NUUGH!

"WE FIGHT BECAUSE WE'VE ALREADY WON.
NNGH!
"BECAUSE WE ARE THAT RIGHTFUL ORDER. IT'S WRITTEN IN OUR BLOOD AND THE BLOOD OF OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
"WE'VE SPILLED THAT BLOOD INTO THE DIRT OF EVERY PLANET IN THE GALAXY.
CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT!
HE'S GONNA--
AAAAARRRGGHH!
"BECAUSE WE ARE THE EMPIRE'S FIST.
C'MON, YOU SOFT-BELLIED BASTARDS. I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY.
"WE ARE STORMTROOPERS.

"AND YOU CAN NEVER KILL US ALL."
LONG LIVE THE EMPIRE!

SARGE?! YOU ALL RIGHT?
HOLY LASER BOLTS.
THEY WILL *LOSE*, THESE REBELS.
"AND HERE IS *WHY*."

ALL DEAD, I'M AFRAID. THERE APPEAR TO BE... NO SURVIVORS.
YOU'RE SURE YOU SCANNED THE ENTIRE CAMP, THREEPIO?
ARTOO HAS PERFORMED SEVERAL SCANS WITH THE SAME RESULT.
THERE IS NO ONE HERE EXCEPT FOR US.
AND WE SHOULDN'T BE HERE.
WE'VE GOT TO BURY THEM, SANA.
WE DO, WE DIE, PRINCESS. BODIES ARE PROBABLY BOOBY-TRAPPED. OR SOMEONE IS WATCHING US RIGHT NOW. ABOUT TO--
WE'RE NOT LEAVING UNTIL THEY'RE BURIED.

LEIA...SANA'S RIGHT. WE HAVE TO LEAVE THEM WHERE THEY LIE.
THAT'S INHUMANE. THAT'S NOT--
WE'RE NOT LEAVING, HAN.
NOT UNTIL WE KNOW WHO DID THIS.
I THINK I CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION.
THIS...THIS IS UNCONSCIONABLE. EVEN FOR IMPERIALS.
NO.
GREETINGS FROM SCAR SQUADRON. LONG LIVE THE EMPIRE.

THIS IS WAR.
AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO WIN IT HERE.
SANA'S RIGHT. WE'RE LEAVING, HEADING BACK TO THE FLEET.
LUKE, I SAID WE'RE--
I KNOW WHAT YOU SAID. AND I KNOW YOU'RE RIGHT.
BUT I'M NOT BURYING THEM.
JUST HELP ME DRAG THEM INTO A PILE.
"YOU'RE RIGHT, LEIA. THIS IS WAR.
"OUR WAR.
"AND DESPITE EVERYTHING WE'VE ALREADY BEEN THROUGH, EVERYTHING WE'VE WON AND LOST...THIS WAR...

"...HAS ONLY BEGUN.
"MAY THE FORCE BE WITH US.
"MAY THE FORCE BE WITH US ALL."

# THE SAND WILL PROVIDE

*It is a period of survival in the galaxy. As war rages on between the Galactic Empire and the Rebellion, the battle of everyday survival continues for those trying to live a normal life.*

*Between the scorching heat of the twin suns on Tatooine and the vast deserts of the Jundland Wastes, the life of a Tusken Raider is not an easy one. But when the world has turned its back on the Tusken Raiders, they always have the sand to call their home....*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Tatooine.
HA!
LOOK OUT, BOYS, WE GOT US A STAMPEDE!
HA HA HAA!
SOME SAY THE TUSKEN RAIDERS CAN TALK TO BANTHAS.

NOT WITH WORDS, BUT WITH THEIR **MINDS.**

SOME SAY THE BANTHAS ARE MORE THAN JUST STEEDS TO THE TUSKENS.

THAT THE TWO SPECIES ARE LINKED, **SPIRITUALLY.**

WITHOUT ONE, THE OTHER COULD NOT SURVIVE.

RHHK.

ESPECIALLY NOT ON A WORLD AS HARSH AS **TATOOINE.**

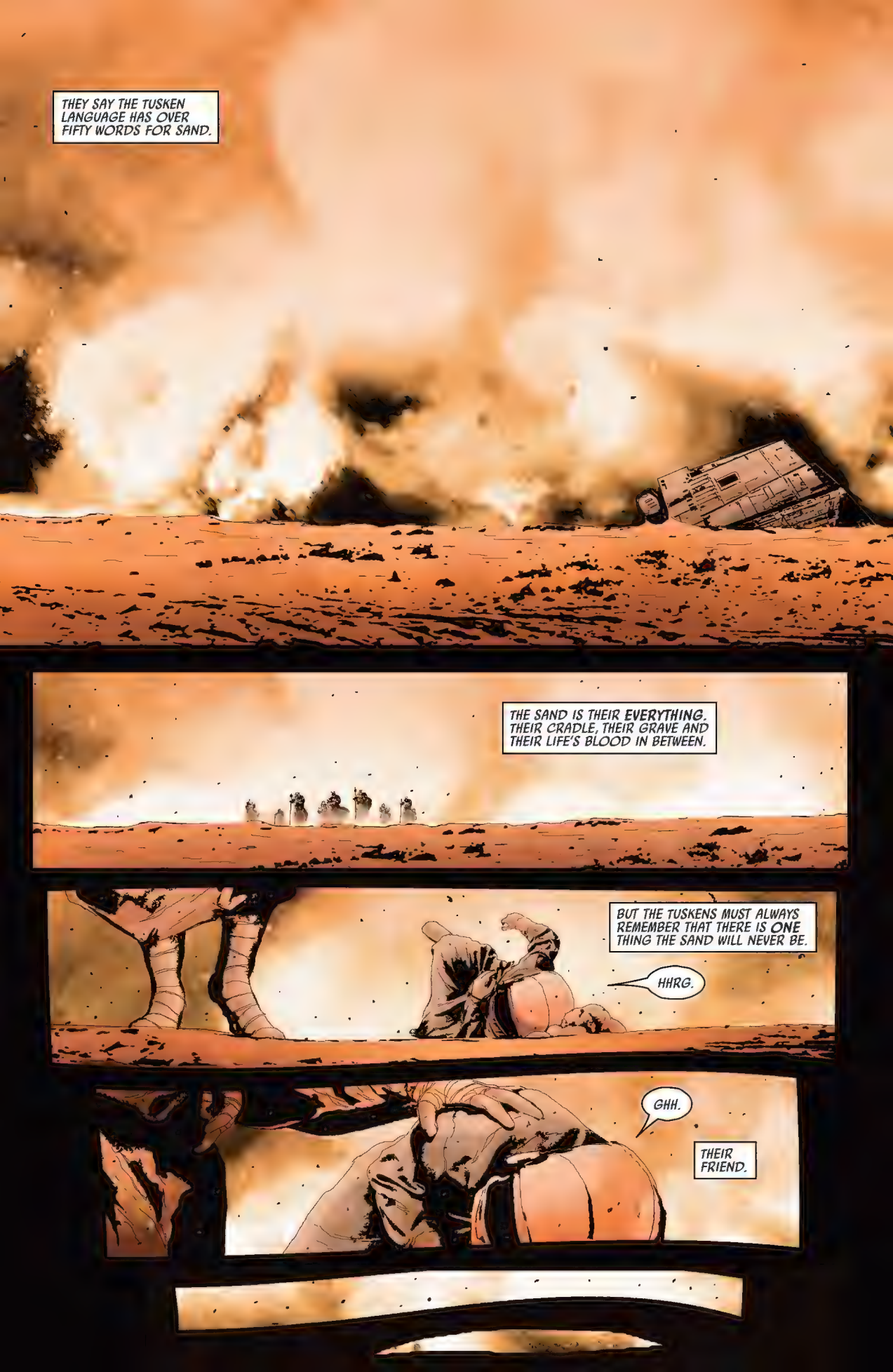
WE WILL LIVE ANOTHER DAY, THE TUSKENS REJOICE. THE SAND HAS PROVIDED ONCE AGAIN.

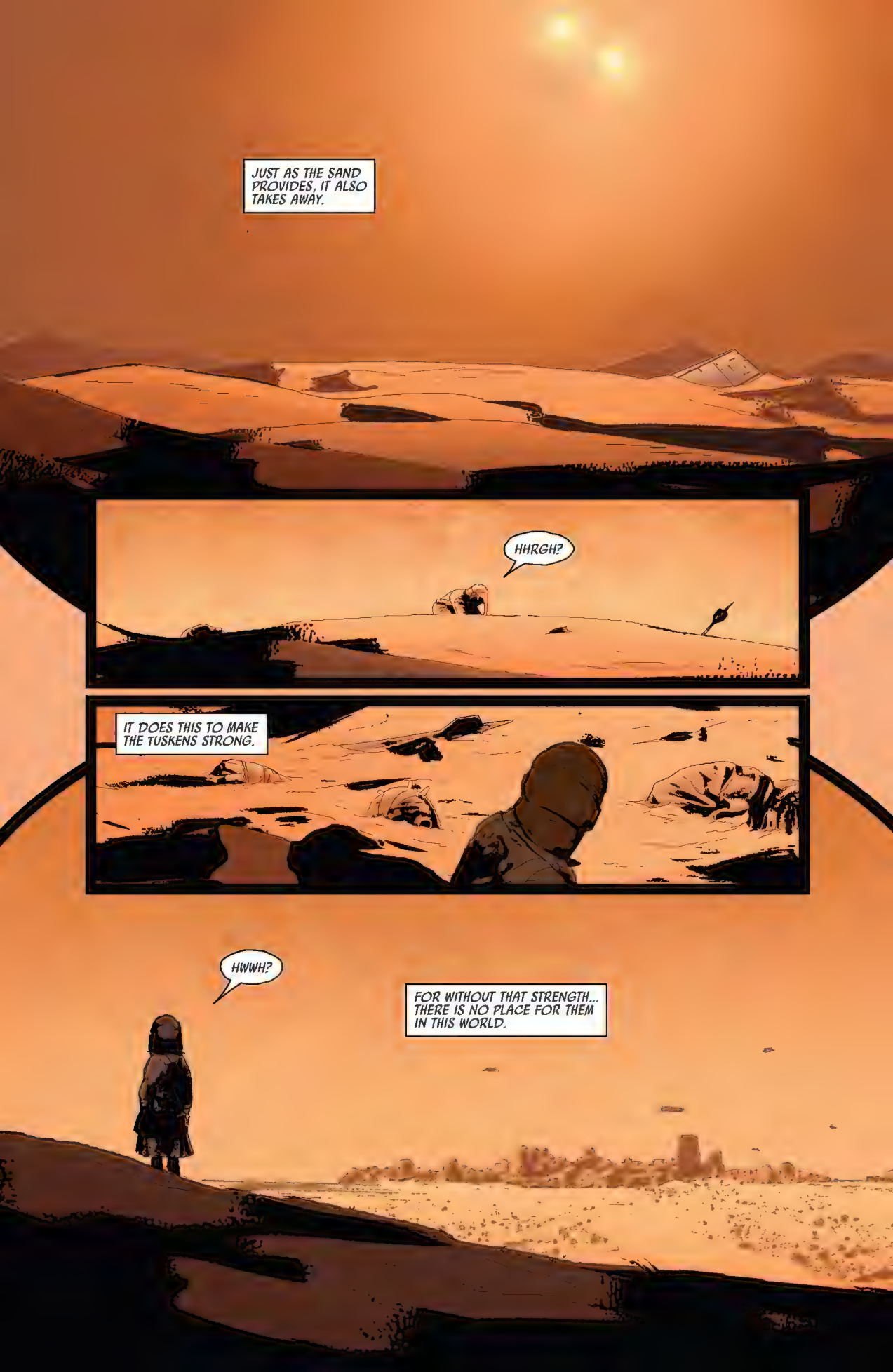
IN THE **JUNDLAND WASTES,** EVERY DAY IS A STRUGGLE.

WHEN HUNTERS RETURN TO THE TUSKEN VILLAGE WITH A FEW BLACK MELONS AND FRESHLY KILLED DUNE LIZARDS, IT IS CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION.

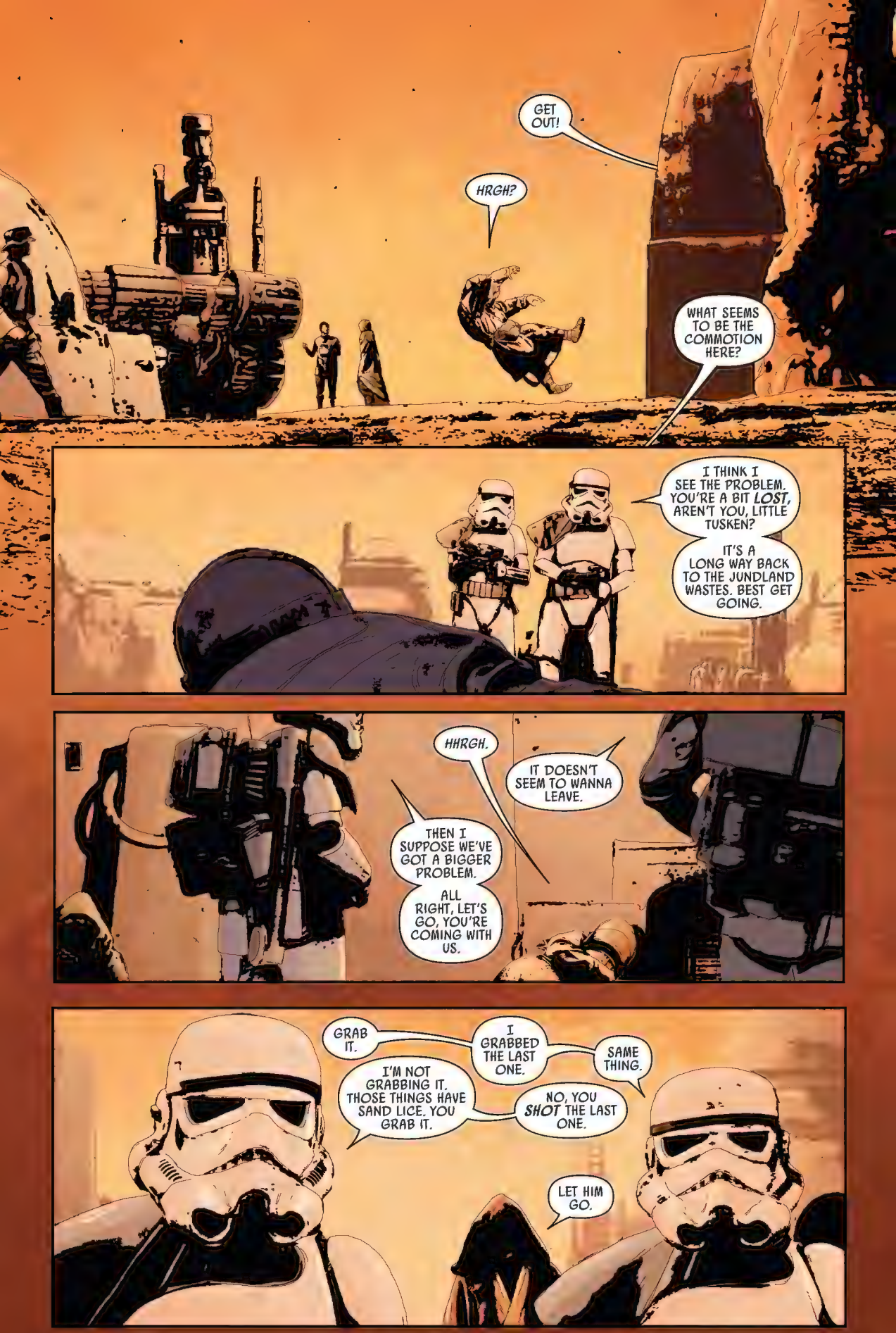
THE SAND WILL ALWAYS PROVIDE.

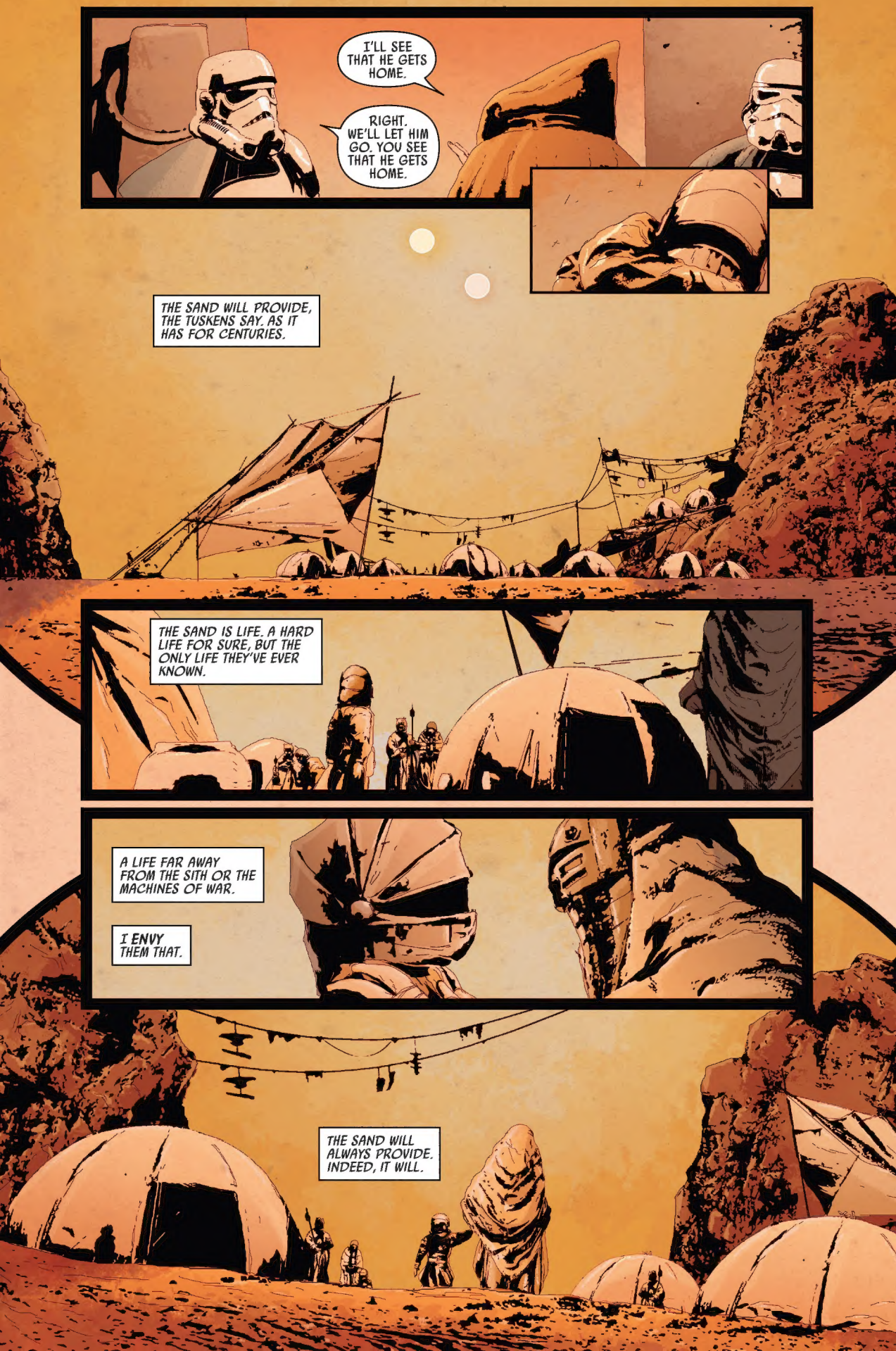
HHHK.
THAT'S THEM! THAT'S THE ONES WHO RAIDED OUR FARMS!
BUT THE SAND PROVIDES ENEMIES AS WELL.
KILL THEM ALL!
IN THE DESERTS OF TATOOINE, THERE IS TOO LITTLE WATER TO GO AROUND. AND TOO MANY THIRSTY MOUTHS.
WHICH OFTEN MAKES FOR A VIOLENT COMBINATION.

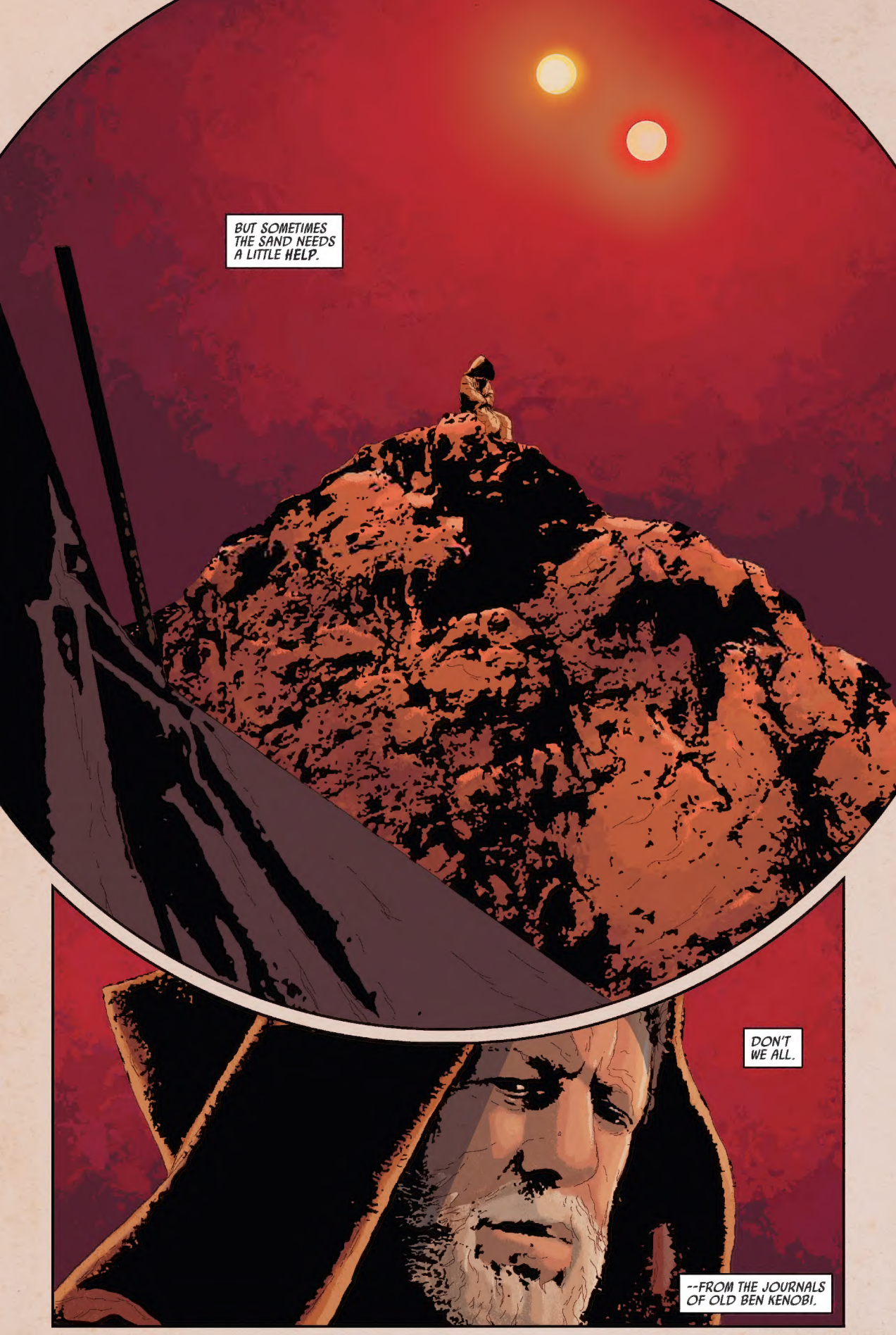

THEY SAY THE TUSKEN LANGUAGE HAS OVER FIFTY WORDS FOR SAND.
THE SAND IS THEIR EVERYTHING. THEIR CRADLE, THEIR GRAVE AND THEIR LIFE'S BLOOD IN BETWEEN.
BUT THE TUSKENS MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT THERE IS ONE THING THE SAND WILL NEVER BE.
HHRG.
GHH.
THEIR FRIEND.


JUST AS THE SAND PROVIDES, IT ALSO TAKES AWAY.
HHRGH?
IT DOES THIS TO MAKE THE TUSKENS STRONG.
HWWH?
FOR WITHOUT THAT STRENGTH... THERE IS NO PLACE FOR THEM IN THIS WORLD.

NO PLACE AT ALL.
NO!
NO SAND PEOPLE ALLOWED!
GET OUTTA HERE!


GET OUT!
HRGH?
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE COMMOTION HERE?
I THINK I SEE THE PROBLEM. YOU'RE A BIT *LOST*, AREN'T YOU, LITTLE TUSKEN?
IT'S A LONG WAY BACK TO THE JUNDLAND WASTES. BEST GET GOING.
HHRGH.
IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WANNA LEAVE.
THEN I SUPPOSE WE'VE GOT A BIGGER PROBLEM.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO, YOU'RE COMING WITH US.
GRAB IT.
I GRABBED THE LAST ONE.
SAME THING.
I'M NOT GRABBING IT. THOSE THINGS HAVE SAND LICE. YOU GRAB IT.
NO, YOU *SHOT* THE LAST ONE.
LET HIM GO.


I'LL SEE THAT HE GETS HOME.
RIGHT. WE'LL LET HIM GO. YOU SEE THAT HE GETS HOME.
THE SAND WILL PROVIDE, THE TUSKENS SAY. AS IT HAS FOR CENTURIES.
THE SAND IS LIFE. A HARD LIFE FOR SURE, BUT THE ONLY LIFE THEY'VE EVER KNOWN.
A LIFE FAR AWAY FROM THE SITH OR THE MACHINES OF WAR.
I ENVY THEM THAT.
THE SAND WILL ALWAYS PROVIDE. INDEED, IT WILL.


BUT SOMETIMES THE SAND NEEDS A LITTLE HELP.
DON'T WE ALL.
--FROM THE JOURNALS OF OLD BEN KENOBI.

STAR WARS™
NEXT ISSUE:

AN OROBOROS
RELEASE - DCP